ſhew you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maſters, welcome all, I am glad to ſee thee well, welcome good friends; oh old friend! why thy face is valanc'd ſince I ſaw thee laſt, com'ſt thou to beard mee in *Denmarke?* what my young Lady and Miſtreſſe! my Lady your Ladiſhip is neerer to heaven than when I ſaw you laſt by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice, like a peece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: maſters you are all welcome, wee'll e'en to't like friendly Faukners, flye at any thing wee ſee, wee'll have a ſpeech ſtrait, come give us a taſte of your quality, come a paſſionate ſpeech.

Player. What ſpeech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeake me a ſpeech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleaſed not the million, 'twas caviary to the generall, but it was as I received it and others, whoſe judgements in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet downe with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember one ſaid there were no ſallets in the lines to make the matter ſavoury, nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection, but call'd it an honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more handſome than fine; one ſpeech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially when he ſpeakes of *Priams* ſlaughter, if it live in your memory begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'ircanian Beaſt, 'tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, hee whoſe ſable armes,

Blacke as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horſe,
Hath now his dread and blacke complection ſmear'd
With Heraldry more diſmall head to foot:
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſonnes,
Bak'd and embaſted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their Lords murder, roſted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-ciſed with coagulate gore,

With

With eyes like Carbunc
Old grandſire *Priam* ſeek
Pol. Fore God my Lor
Play. Anon he finds h
Striking too ſhort at Gr
Rebellious to his arme,
Repugnant to command
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drive
But with the whiffe and
Th'unnerved father falls
Seeming to feele this b
Stoops to his baſe, and
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus*
Which was declining
Of reverent *Priam*, ſee
So as a painted tyrant
Like a neutrall to his w
Did nothing:
But as we often ſee ag
A ſilence in the heaven
The bold wind ſpeechl
As huſh as death, anon
Doth rend the region
A rowſed vengeance ſ
And never did the Cy
On *Mars* his armour,
With leſſe remorſe th
Now falls on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou ſtrum
In generall ſynod tak
Breake all the ſpokes
And boule the round
As low as to the fienc
Pol. This is too lon
Ha. It ſhall to the
for a jig, or a tale of ba
Play. But who, ah
Ham. The mobled

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